

## Resources

Lloyd Banks

Yo, fear's a sign of respect, that explains my lack of connects  
Half of my peers ain't willing to spar, the other half of them stressed  
All I'm seeing is calves and elbows, they holding ass with the best  
Lost a lot of prolific killers, I'm holding back in the flesh  
Streamed your new shit, it was cool, warrants calm reactions at best  
To the naked eye, I'm possessed with a little dash of Tourettes  
When it's time to hang this up, hope that I don't have no regrets  
When I'm OK, I'm uncontainable, psychopath when I'm pressed  
They like the ignorance more, no apologies as I regress  
Toast to the trouble, open door policies for the rejects  
Blue had an overseas flex, since your white tee was 3x  
Quadruple zeros the only way I've been g-checked  
Part of the upper echelon, never seen when my neck was worn  
Peasants swarm and our weather storm's dangerous when in desperate form  
From where the best was born, sorta like tryna check LeBron  
Chest a [?] in a restaurant, weapon armed Decepticon

Everything is streams now, it's time that we have a talk again  
Nothing that you don't work for is given, feel like we all can win  
Niggas on their toes feel a energy when I'm walking in  
Resources in, heard they want coal, there's no remorse for them  
Everything is weird now, it's time to lay down the chalk for them  
We fought to win, sometimes the pressure's better, it all depends  
Niggas on their toes feel a energy when I'm walking in  
Resources in, heard they want coal, we got the torch for them

Southside til they load me  
Word to my will, ink and the notary  
Connecting all of these dots, looks like the link on the rosary  
Trails leading to bad blood, tryna line me supposedly  
[?], blame outta all of the things you coulda chose to be  
Five volumes of super gas, this is a game of who could last  
Lucky to get a stupid pass, shoot yo ass in a Gucci mask  
Flawless like my recouping pass, I'm still electric as ever  
Your favorite's losing gas, 100k on my [?] stash  
Make a mess out the rest of you, front and center your festival  
Wrecking Crew, my drivers, they tone a Oyster Perpetual  
Rookies assume that they made some noise and I slept right through  
I'm smacking shit to vegetable, five-star tellies and jet nights due  
This is all discipline, time to upgrade your list again  
Writing wise, all my shit's a 10  
With the hooks, I'm a fisherman  
Humble that you're still listening  
Shout the production that Haas is pitching in  
Get the story right I'm depicted in

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